The Liberalist

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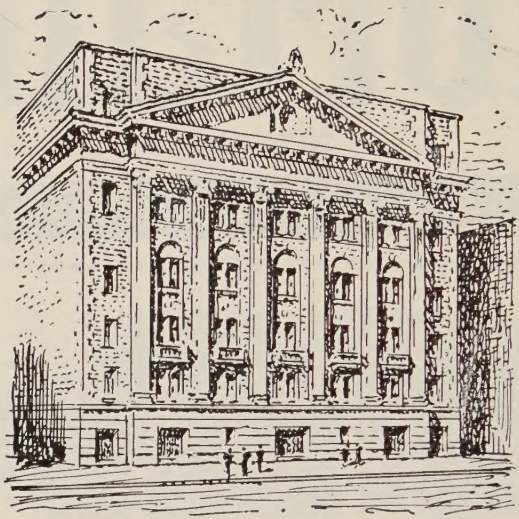
ADVENTURE

Here's an adventure! what awaits
Beyond these closed, mysterious gates?
Whom shall I meet? Where shall I go?
Beyond the lovely land I know?
Above the sky, across the sea?
What shall I learn and feel and be?
Open, strange doors, to good or ill!
I hold my breath a moment still
Before the magic of your look.
What shall you do to me, O Book?

(From "My American Heritage.")



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

MY space this month will be devoted to telling you about some of the highlights of the summer. If I were to give a day by day detailed account it would require all of the magazine. In the sermons, broadcasts and lectures during the winter I shall tell you about many experiences, reactions and observations which I could not possibly include in the limited space available here. I have kept for many years a day to day account of my activities, the places I have visited, the people I have met and comments about what is happening at home and abroad. I shall draw heavily upon my daily record for this month's issue.

We have traveled over 10,000 miles by land and sea since last we met. Every mile has held some interest and fascination. The reactions are so many that it would require a full length book to include them all. The inspiration and majesty of the restless Atlantic; the hedge-lined, narrow roads of Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England; the jeweled beauty of Irish, Scottish and English lakes; the meeting with dear friends on the other side of the Atlantic, walking with the crowds on the congested streets of historic London, beautiful Edinburgh and vibrating Dublin—all these and many more experiences made the summer a memorable one.

One remembers with spiritual ecstasy Even-song Services in the ancient cathedrals of Westminster, Salisbury, Gloucester, Worcester and Christ Church, Oxford. We rented a small Morris Oxford auto and drove over 2,000 miles. June did all the driving, and when you remember that it is necessary to drive on the left-hand side of the road, she is worthy of great commendation. Except for one slight fender brush in Peter's Gate (the narrowest street in Britain) in York, we had no difficulty whatever. We took out-of-the-way routes and visited places seldom seen by the tourists.

It required excellent driving to go from Bath to London in one day's driving, stopping in Highgate to visit our dear friends, the George Grieves, and then continuing, during the rush hours, to our hotel in the heart of London. I must confess, having never driven a car, that I was somewhat relieved when, safely and all in one piece, we arrived at the hotel. The traffic in London is probably the most congested in the world. June can qualify as the finest chauffeur I have ever known.

* * *

I would no more think of crossing the Atlantic and not visiting Ireland than I would think of going to London and omitting the National Gallery or Westminster Cathedral. Why more Americans do not visit Ireland is beyond my understanding. Many land at Shannon for a few minutes and are gone again, little realizing that they are neglecting one of the most picturesque, historical places on earth; and a place populated by the most kindly, generous and lovable people. The pastoral beauty of the countryside, the winding lanes, the cottages, the lakes, the coastline, the quaint characters, the long twilights, the Killarney Lakes, Galway Bay, Londonderry, the Antrim Coast, the ancient castles—I know them and love them

all. To miss Ireland is to miss some of the finest people and the loveliest scenery on earth. To stand on the porch of "Strawberry Hill," the Dalkey home of our beloved friends, the Reverend and Mrs. Savell Hicks, and look out over sea to the mist-covered blue mountains of Wicklow, is to gaze on a view worthy of crossing an ocean to see. I have been in their lovely hillside home many times. One of my most enjoyable preaching experiences is to stand in the pulpit of his church opposite St. Stephen's Green in the City of Dublin. The Savell Hicks are most gracious hosts. He is held in affection and esteem by the Catholics and Protestants of the city and has occupied his pulpit there for more than forty-five years. Dinner, after the morning service, at "Strawberry Hill" is one of the most enjoyable occasions of the summer.

* * *

The most complete surprise I had during the summer was on the "Britannic" when she arrived at Cobh, Ireland. I had been up early to watch the Irish coast. We entered the harbor early and cast anchor. Soon the tender came alongside. While the passengers and baggage were being taken on board, I went to the dining doom for a bite of breakfast before going aboard the tender. The Cobh harbor is most picturesque. The green hills of Ireland are all around you. Around a point of land is the City of Cobh, with its many colored buildings along the shoreline. Towering over it all is the beautiful church of St. Columba.

As I sat at breakfast I looked up and there at my table to welcome me was Barry Roberts, a student from DePauw University, who is to spend a year studying in Europe. With him was Michael English, son of Mr. and Mrs. James English of Cobh. Michael's father was waiting at the pier with his car.

I had met Barry Roberts in Chicago with his cousin, Robert Morris. June and I were the guests of Robert Morris and his mother when I spoke at Beloit College in the Spring. At that time Robert was a student at Beloit, but is entering Yale graduate school this Fall. Barry knew I was arriving on the "Britannic" and so did the English family, but neither one knew the other. They met at my breakfast table.

On disembarking at Cobh, Mr. English drove us to his home, where a reunion with the four other children, Mrs. English and the grandmother, was a happy event. It took very little persuasion for us to accept the warmest invitation to remain for tea. Such delicious tea!

The English have a justifiable reputation for excellent tea, but as an old tea drinker, to me there is not a finer cup of tea available anywhere than you can have served in Ireland.

After tea Mr. English drove us to Kilgour Lodge—a spacious, lovely home, now available for paying guests. The ride through the Irish countryside is always inspiring, restful and interesting. It was midnight before we arrived. The English family returned to Cobh and we continued our way the next morning, driving through Tipperary, Limerick and Galway to one of the most famous castles in Ireland, Ashford Castle. It has been made into one of the most comfortable hotels to be found anywhere. The surroundings are a fairyland of nature. In the evening we walked down to the small Irish village that is outside the castle gate. I can best describe its quaintness and charm to you by telling you it was in this village that the movie "The Quiet Man" was filmed. Most of the

villagers were in the movie. I met many of them. It was an interesting experience. The next morning we left for Dublin. Our driver was Paddy McLoughlin, of Limerick. He knows every corner of Ireland and with his witty descriptions he held us spellbound all the way to Dublin.

Arriving in Dublin about four o'clock, there was just time enough for a walk in Stephen's Green before the Reverend E. Savell Hicks and Mrs. Cyril Saville were to meet me for dinner at the Shelbourne. How happy I was to spend the evening with these dear friends! Sunday morning I preached to a good congregation in the First Unitarian Church. Sunday evening the preacher was Dr. R. O. Pierce, dean of Emerson College in Boston. We both heard each other. I enjoyed thoroughly Dr. Pierce and hope our trails will cross often in America.

* * *

I feel more at home in two cities than I do anywhere else with the exception of Chicago. They are Belfast and London. I spent an entire week in Belfast this summer and enjoyed every moment of it. On the Sunday I preached in the morning at the First (non-subscribing) Presbyterian Church and in the evening at All Souls. There was a good congregation in the morning and in the evening over 600 people were present — with many unable to find seats. With the exception of our own church this is the largest Unitarian congregation of which I know. After the morning service it was a delightful dinner at the home of the Rev. Dr. John McLachlan, with his charming wife, delightful children, Richard and Jane, and the devoted companion of the family. Dr. McLachlan, the Rev. John McCleery and Mrs. McCleery I was to see in Chicago, for they planned to attend the International Congress of Religious Freedom in August. I had hoped Dr. A. L. Agnew and Mrs. Agnew could also attend, but he had been in the Middle East recently and felt this was sufficient traveling for this year.

I always am deeply affected when I stand in the ancient, high pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church in Belfast, for it was there John Wesley stood and preached when every other pulpit in Belfast was closed to him. In Dr. Agnew's church I met the young lady who was christened by me on my first visit to Belfast in 1926. I preached my first sermon for Dr. Agnew that year and have been visiting his church quite regularly ever since. He has all the vigor, enthusiasm, fearless thinking, courageous speaking and dedication to his work today that he had so long ago. His friendship grows increasingly precious to me.

Another Belfast minister of whom you have often heard me speak is the Reverend Dr. Frazer-Hurst. He is now retired and lives with his devoted wife in the same village where our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Horscroft, live. Dr. Frazer-Hurst writes the leading editorial for the Belfast Telegraph every Saturday. It was his editorial on "Interdependence" that appeared in our July Liberalist, reprinted from the Belfast Telegraph. A copy of the Belfast Telegraph comes to my desk weekly and I am able to keep up with his fine thinking and unexcelled scholarship. The many friends I have in both of our Belfast churches greet me with enthusiasm and inspiration every summer. I think of them often in the winter when 4000 miles of sea and land are between us.

* * *

One of the most famous and historical places in all Britain is the ancient City of Bath. From Roman times until

today it has been the mecca for travelers, students, historians and archaeologists. The minister of our church in Bath is the Reverend Sidney Spencer, former Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. I first met him some years ago when I preached in the chapel of Manchester College. Our friendship has deepened with the years and we now visit him and Mrs. Spencer on every visit to England. Our church in Bath is called the Trim Street Chapel and is an historical building. The church was organized in 1720 and the church building was constructed in 1795. Reverend Spencer is also the minister of the church in Trowbridge, a few miles from Bath. This congregation was established in 1656 and the present church building erected in 1857. I often think of these ancient free churches which pioneered in liberal religion when I hear some uninformed person talk about free religion and Unitarianism being some recent movement in religious thinking, Unitarian theology goes back to the days of Jesus.

We enjoyed our altogether too brief stay with the Spencers. Mr. Spencer has written several books and is working on another which I am sure will be an illuminating work in his field of mysticism and comparative religion.

* * *

It had been a long time since we had visited Wales. Many years ago I preached in Swansea and ever since I have been trying to visit again this beautiful country with its rugged mountain scenery and kindly people. This summer our hope was realized. While he was minister of the Church of the Divine Unity in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, I preached for the Reverend Coram Davies. We enjoyed meeting Mr. and Mrs. Davies and a friendship began which time has blessed. It was necessary for Mr. Davies to retire with Mrs. Davies and their son, Huw (pronounced Hugh, but spelled Huw!), to a family estate and farm near Llandyssul in Wales. June and I were invited to spend the weekend with them and I was asked to fill the pulpit of the Zion Congregational Church. What an enjoyable and interesting experience it was!

We drove from Carmarthen to the Davies' farm, "Penarwell," through the scenic beauty of Wales,—narrow, hedge-lined roads winding around hill and vale. It isn't any wonder that Wales is the land of poetry and music. On the way we stopped at the internationally known Eisteddfod and attended the opening program. Singers, dancers and artists from all over the world were there. There were 15,000 people present. It was unlike anything I have ever heard or seen and deserves a whole article, which space limitation prevents.

"Penarwell," the Davies' farm home, is at the end of a one-way narrow road and adorns the summit of a high hill. From its windows distant vistas of mountain and sky blend in one majestic view. There, with Mrs. Davies' mother, a kindly, gracious soul, live the Davies family. Their son Huw, who was a small boy when we say him last in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is now a fine lad of 15 and one of the most unusual I have ever met. He takes a man's place on the farm and loves it. He supervised the milking of the cows, which was done by machinery, and was at home on a tractor, doing the farm work. He is an ardent fisherman and ties his own flies. He gave June and me a demonstration of his fly-tying skill in the evening before a friendly fire in the grate. He presented me with several flies which he had tied and they were skillfully tied. He is a fine student, an avid reader and a lover of nature. He

(*Continued on page* 8)

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Dr. Bradley Returns to His Pulpit, Sunday, September 21st

His subject: "WHEN THE TIDE TURNS!"

The services of the Peoples Church at 11 a.m., will be broadcast direct from the pulpit over RADIO STATION WLS

Dr. Bradley's other Radio and TV Programs

Sundays

7:30 a.m.—"Words and Music"—WBBM

5:45 p.m.—Vesper Service—WCFL

9:00 p.m.—Rebroadcast of morning service—WSEL-FM

In October

Re-opening on Channel 9, WGN-TV, Saturday nights.

ANNUAL BAZAAR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH
NOVEMBER 13th and 14th

Bring contributions of salable articles to the Church Office, or send to Dr. Bradley, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrencec Ave.

For information contact the Church Office or the President of your church organization, or Mrs. Harry D. Stone, general chairman.
Members and friends of the church all rally to the support of this biggest event of the year.

ALONG THE WAY

(*Continued from page 6*)

is primarily interested in agriculture and will succeed. We watched him go down the narrow lane in the morning with his school books under his arm, his head high, and I thought "if only more of the youths of Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales would stick by the good earth, perhaps sometime the economic opportunities would be greater at home." As it is now, hundreds of such youths are leaving every year for more attractive opportunities elsewhere. We can hardly blame them, but it is encouraging to meet such a youth as Huw Davies, from whom the world will some day hear!

Coram Davies drove us to Fishguard on Sunday morning—a port which some reader may recall, for it was from here the old "Mauretania" sailed to America. On the way we visited the oldest cathedral in Britain —St. David's. This ancient foundation is one of the most appealing of all the cathedrals to me. Its history goes back to the fourth century. Centuries unfold as you stand in its historic environs. St. David is the patron saint of all Welshmen, and I can understand why.

We returned to Llandyssul in time for the evening service. The church was well filled. After having visited Cardigan (which gave its name to a familiar garment); Cenarth, where we saw for the first time the unique boats called "Coracles"; Llechryd, where we crossed an old Roman bridge; and then the quaint little village of Aberayron, where we met Mr. Davies' delightful mother, it was somewhat difficult for me to get into the mood for the evening service. The Reverend J. Marles Thomas, M.A., and Mr. Davies took the service — all I did was to preach. The entire service, except the sermon, was given in the Welsh language. The singing of the Welsh hymns by the congregation lifted one's heart. The congregation was the choir. None other was necessary. I have never heard congregational singing like it. How I wish our own congregation would sing as heartily. I am sure from the expressions on the faces of the people that everyone in the congregation could understand the English language. I shall never forget the experience. After the service the people were very kind in their expressions of appreciation.

The next day I had another unusual experience. Most older Chicagoans recall with blessed memory the name of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who founded All Souls Church and Abraham Lincoln Center. The Center is one of Chicago's most important institutions today. Reverend Randall Hilton is the present Dean and is carrying on a most effective tradition of interracial, cultural and social activities. I knew Mr. Jones was of Welsh extraction, but I did not know he was born in Wales. Mr. Davies asked me if I would like to visit his birthplace. I thrilled at the opportunity. Mr. Davies, the Rev. Aubrey Martin, M.A., and myself drove but a few miles and there I saw the humble home in which Jenkin Lloyd Jones was born—a typical Welsh farm cottage; low ceilings, thick whitewashed stone walls, nestling close to the earth, and surrounded by fields. On the front of the cottage is a plaque presented by Chicago friends.

Interestingly enough, a young farmer by the name of Jones (no relation), his wife and baby now live in the house. We were warmly greeted and invited inside.

I stood in the small, low-ceilinged bedroom where the great Jenkin Lloyd Jones was born. The young mother who lives in the home said to us, "I was born in this room, too, and so was my baby!" My mind went back to the early days in Chicago when, as a student, I used to go to Abraham Lincoln Center and hear Jenkin Lloyd Jones preach. Later I came to know him well. He had a great influence on my thinking in those far-off days. He was a man of inflexible character and somewhat dogmatic on some issues. He had seen service in our Civil War but was a confirmed pacifist. He abhorred the use of tobacco and alcohol. I recall on one occasion his refusal to speak at a banquet until all smoking was stopped. In some respects he resembled his world-famous relative, Frank Lloyd Wright. He was most dogmatic about many things, but always on the "side of the angels." I consider my visit to his birthplace one of the epoch moments of our summer.

Another high moment for us was to see the Prescelly Mountains on our way back from Fishguard, for from these mountains, the archaeologists tell us the ancient people of Britain took the stones which were used in the building of Stonehenge. The transportation of those stones across the miles is one of the mysteries of the ages.

It was with deep regret we said "goodbye" to "Penarwell." In our little Morris Oxford we drove down the narrow road, waving a reluctant farewell to our perfect hosts. The memory of the Yorkshire pudding, home-made bread, gooseberry pie and the hospitality of four wonderful people will tarry with us until we see again the mountains of Wales.

* * *

We had a most pleasant surprise on our arrival at our hotel in London. There was a telephone message awaiting us to call Henry Weber at the Kensington Palace Hotel. We called immediately and the familiar voice to Chicagoans and to all throughout the nation who listened to the Chicago Theatre of the Air greeted us with a lilting, melodic quality. It was Marion Claire. I performed the wedding ceremony for the Henry Webers in the old Auditorium Hotel some years ago. Henry was the conductor of the WGN Symphony Orchestra for years and a conductor of international recognition. Perhaps some of my readers are reading the travel articles by Marion which are appearing in the Chicago Tribune. The Webers are spending the year abroad. Their fine son, Heinzel, has been studying abroad for the year and joined his parents in London before returning to New York for a few months, after which he returns to Germany.

We joined the family at dinner in the Kensington Palace. The evening passed all too quickly as we talked about the early Chicago days when Marion made her first public appearance before our Woman's Club in the Edgewater Beach Hotel. Her first musical activity was with the violin. I was present that day and I remember feeling we were listening to one who was destined to become a great violinist. She went to Italy to study and discovered she had a voice which gave more promise for her than the violin. The rest is history. They are both people of deep culture, fine philosophy and gracious personalities. As a writer Marion is revealing another facet of her creativeness. Her articles are ex-

ceptional. Her observations are unusual and penetrating. I hope she gives us a book on her unusual career as a mother, artist, radio personality and opera star. We are proud to have the Webers among our dearest and most cherished friends.

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My space is about gone and I must close the chat for this number. I will continue in subsequent issues. There are many more significant events and interesting people who made our summer travels worth while and inspiring. I am going to tell you about our ocean voyage back to the United States.

* * *

I hope some of those will read these lines who were so kind in remembering me on my 70th birthday by sending such beautiful cards, telegrams and letters. I wish I could reply to each sender personally but there were so many that is impossible. I cherished them all and they helped to make the day a happy one.

I am facing the future with hopes, plans and dreams.

Now we begin our 47th year together as pastor and people! I hope to see you on Sunday morning, September 21st, at 11 o'clock. Please plan to be present. *Radio Station WLS* is going to *broadcast our entire service at 11 a.m.* I am going to speak on *"When the Tide Comes In."*

It will seem like old times to have a live broadcast and not a recording. So tell your friends. WLS is a 50,000 watt station and can be heard in about 35 states. And remember, "Keep Looking Up!"

"ARE YOU IN ORBIT?"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

June 8, 1958

OUR modern, scientific age has brought into our vocabulary a great many words and phrases that are entirely new in conversation. These scientific phrases—I shall not attempt any of them, I don't know most of them—but these scientific phrases all belong to the achievements of our present day world in education and in science. So much so, that it is almost necessary to buy a dictionary about every six months in order to find all the words that have gone into our American conversation. One of those words is the word "orbit." Now the word orbit was rarely, if ever, used prior to the coming of Sputnik No. 1. It was used among the scientists, but it had no great meaning in our language. And then suddenly a nation was able to build a rocket and series of rockets which when associated together had the capacity of being released after they had exhausted their particular contribution to the problem and one by one dropping off, until the last rocket was able to put a satellite beyond the gravitational earth's influence into an orbit.

As I have been thinking about that in the scientific sense I have been doing what I invariably do when I come in contact with the great fundamental laws of science, for science is governed by law! There are no accidents in science! Science is fundamentally implemented with the principle of exaction. There is no deviation from a scientific law—it always works, and

it always works according to its history of activity—there is no deviation and it doesn't change. Gravitation is always gravitation, and it always will be gravitation. There's no modification, it doesn't change. Everything man is doing now scientifically is attempting to surmount the barrier of a scientific age by injecting his personality into a physical and materialistic experience with which he has no tradition. Man has no tradition for going into sidereal space. And he can't go into sidereal space without equipping himself with all sorts of implements and instruments so that he can adapt himself to a changing situation. Man is entirely out of his natural groove when he steps away from the earth upon which he was created. And the whole problem of science today is to find a way in which man can harmonize with an environment with which he has had no experience. So science is now working on all sorts of things for your lungs and for your kidneys.

One of the greatest problems that is not yet anywhere near to being solved is the problem of gravitation—what happens to your lungs and your kidneys and the heart of man, when he gets into an area where there is no oxygen. Take all this Moon business—man is trying to get to the Moon, and he's trying to outsmart the Russians in being the first to get to the Moon. I'd rather outsmart the Russians on a lot of things I can think of than just merely trying to get to the Moon. But man is trying to get to the Moon, and do you know what the temperature of the Moon is in the daytime? About one Hundred and Fifty-eight degrees Fahrenheit! And do you know what it is at night? Over a Hundred and Seventy-eight degrees below zero! And there's no oxygen on it! Now you can have it! I'm not interested, and I wouldn't spend a dollar trying to get to the moon at any time, let alone trying to get there before a Russian gets there, because if he does he can't do any more with it than you could. It isn't a matter of who gets there first, it's what you're going to do with it after you've got there and it's how you're going to get back! And nobody knows yet, nobody, not a soul, nobody knows.

This question of putting a satellite into orbit is fascinating to me, and it is fascinating because I can see in it, perhaps dimly, perhaps a little obscurely, but I can see in it an affirmation of one of the most beautiful truths. And it was expressed more beautifully by Professor William H. Drummond, whom nobody reads these days, in a little book that you can buy for twenty-five cents almost anywhere called "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." For everything that science in the world of materialistic and mechanistic achievement is doing, I can show you a counterpart analogy to that law in the world of the spiritual! The natural law and the spiritual world fundamentally are one. For behind every operation of the physical universe is the law of God!

Man, with his scientific efforts isn't creating anything—there isn't a scientist on this earth who is creating anything! All the scientist is trying to do is to find out existing laws of the physical universe and then take those laws and connect them and administer them for the well being of himself. He is not creating, man is discovering! For every single principle of this cosmos was intact before the mind of man ever came into existence. Every single bit of it was intact! No new laws have been created at all. All the scientists are doing is discovering laws that were already there. That's what they're doing. And the same thing is

true with the rocket, putting the satellite into an orbit—what does it depend on? How does anybody ever get the satellite beyond the gravitational urge of the earth so that it follows a certain fundamental law? How can these scientists outline it so definitely that they will say that Sputnik No. 1 or Vanguard this or Explorer that will go over Chicago at thirty-one minutes after five on Tuesday afternoon—how can they do that?

They can do it because they know there's no deviation from the law and the principle of the orbit. No deviation, all factors being equal, there's no deviation whatever. And then these rockets are constructed so that they can put a twelve ounce or a ton, (and it may go to a ten ton rocket before we're through)—it all depends on how much power they can release at certain stages of the experiment. To propel these rockets upward until the last rocket gives the satellite the last push and the satellite leaves the old atmosphere of the earth and goes out into an orbit. How is it done? Power! Rocket One performs its power—drops away. Rocket Two continues, performs its power—drops away. Rocket Three performs its power — drops away. There'll be rocket Four and Five, but each one is power that sends the satellite into orbit.

That law is just as definite with your life as it is in the sky! If your life and mine ever get in orbit and we're able to have our eternal destiny outlined by the divine science of God, if our life goes in orbit it will be because down underneath it and through the years there have been rockets of power. Power of faith, that's one rocket—faith is a rocket! Faith that when the storm clouds break and the trouble comes and the worry grows that they are not going to have the final word—Power! So we go a little further into the orbit of life seeking the orbit. Love is a tremendous rocket in a life, probably one of the most important rockets of them all, for love never faileth. If the heart is a heart of love and we're trying to do what we can to create love and understanding in the world—Love is that power, and it will add increasing power to putting your life and mine in orbit. Prayer is one! Sacrifice is one! Oh, the tremendous, tremendous rockets available to you to make your life in the orbit! They're all available to you. Let's put our minds and our hearts in harmony with the divine law of power, and our lives will go into orbit and the satellite of life will never deviate. The orbit of life!

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY OBSERVED 70TH BIRTHDAY AT LAKE HOME

(From the Tower News, Tower, Minnesota, Friday, August 22, 1958.)

DR. Preston Bradley, for 47 years pastor of the Peoples Church in Chicago, and for 43 years a summer resident of Lake Vermilion, observed the 70th anniversary of his birth date on Monday of this week, August 18th. The observance was at his summer home on Black Duck Island, Lake Vermilion, and while there was no formal celebration of the occasion, friends on Lake Vermilion and from Tower called at the island all during the day to extend best wishes for continued happiness and a long life.

The Doctor received myriads of birthday cards and telegrams from his Chicago and European friends, and

the Chicago Daily News and the Chicago American published pictures and carried articles dealing with his work. He received congratulatory telegrams from the Mayor of Chicago and the Governor of Illinois, together with expressions of appreciation from the many organizations with which he is working.

Dr. Bradley has just been reappointed by the Mayor of Chicago to the Board of Directors of the Chicago Public Library, and this will be his tenth consecutive three-year term as a member of the board. He has served as a member of the Library Board for a longer period of time than any other member in the history of the library. In his addresses on radio and elsewhere he frequently refers to the fact that he is the only citizen of Chicago who has the honor of having a library named after him while living. He says he is proud of the distinction conferred on him several years ago by the City of Tower. He has donated many volumes to the Dr. Preston Bradley Library and has arranged that most of his own personal library, containing more than 4,000 volumes, will be turned over to the Dr. Preston Bradley Library in Tower.

Doctor and Mrs. Bradley were in Europe during the early summer, but are now enjoying the rest and beauty of their Lake Vermilion island home. On Tuesday, August 12th, Dr. Bradley was principal speaker at the International Association for Religious Freedom held at the University of Chicago, and which was attended by over 300 delegates from fourteen countries. Over 600 people heard his address. President of the Association, who presided at the meeting, was the Rt. Hon. Chuter Ede, former home secretary of Great Britain.

On Sunday, August 31st, at 10:00 a.m., Dr. Bradley will speak in the First Methodist Church of Duluth; on Sunday, September 7th, he will preach in St. Andrews Presbyterian Church at Fort William, Canada, and on September 9th, he will return to Chicago to address the convention of the "Tastee-Freeze" Corporation. Wednesday, September 10th, he will address the annual banquet for the Indian Head Country at Eau Claire, Wisconsin; on Monday, September 15th, he will address the state convention of the Real Estate Board in Albuquerque, New Mexico; on Thursday, September 18th, he will address the annual banquet of the Chicago Friends of Literature, and on Sunday morning, September 21st, will begin his 47th year as pastor by preaching in his own pulpit in Chicago. That same evening he will preach in the Central Christian Church in Gary, Indiana.

All of the Sunday morning services in his church will be broadcast at 11:00 o'clock over station WLS. He also has the "Words and Music" program every Sunday morning at 7:30 over WBBM and every Sunday afternoon at 5:45; a Vesper Service broadcast over station WCFL. In October Dr. Bradley resumes his regular Saturday evening TV programs over Channel 9, the Chicago Tribune TV station.

After he had reached the Biblical age of three score years and ten, he commented in a recent interview that he had worked out a 5-year plan for himself and his work. He has written eight books and is working on another one for this year. He hopes to finish out fifty years in his Chicago pulpit, following which he plans on spending six months every year at his island home on Lake Vermilion.

After visiting the Scottish, English and Irish lakes this past summer, Dr. Bradley stated in a recent address that the beauties of Lake Vermilion, especially the sunsets on Lake Ver-

milion, are the most colorful in the world. With the passing of the years he has lost many old Tower and Lake Vermilion friends, together with members of his own family, through visits of the Grim Reaper. These golden memories only brighten the western glow of his own long and active life. His faith in God, in man, and in the future keeps him friendly and happy. His many friends hope he will have many more years of life and that Tower and Lake Vermilion will know him for a long time to come.

Dr. Bradley has without a doubt done more to advertise the beauties of this area than any other individual over his many years of travel.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA

By ROGENE M. KRAFT

RUSSIAN impressions are almost impossible to pin-point, for one gets so many confusing ideas; however, there are some highlights which seem more definite.

Russian women are as hard-working as the men. They are seen sweeping streets, making public flower gardens, building houses. They also serve as interpreters, drive taxis, sing in operas, dance in the ballets, work as doctors, librarians and are found in almost any kind of profession you can name.

I was curious about their stores, their beauty shops, their clothes. Stores are not as brightly lighted nor as colorful as ours, and their materials are higher in price and there are fewer of them than in America.

Our guides were young college students, who spoke English fluently. It was with some embarrassment that I admitted I knew very little of the Russian language. With their ability to interpret, I struggled even less to learn, although "Dos-vi-dania" (goodbye) and "Spa-se-ba" (thank you) helped me make friends.

We toured their parks, museums, saw their ballets, puppet theatre and cinerama, all of which showed much of their culture and interests. At the end of a circus which featured young gymnasts and some animal performers, we were doubly impressed by the one hundred white doves which flew in "for the peace of the world."

We were always wanting to give our guides gifts, but they never permitted "something for nothing," and always returned a gift. That "rule," if one wishes to call it that, was one of the finest things about them. On the jet plane I gave a Russian lady a magazine for which she tried to give me what must have been one of her dearest possessions—a watch.

Children in school wear dresses and suits alike—dark grey. In the Pioneer Palaces they can begin learning all kinds of hobbies and arts, with free instruction: music, art, dancing, science, manipulating electrical equipment, stone-cutting and other skills. They have fifteen departments with 11,000 children coming for two hours each day in the Pioneer Palace in Leningrad.

The Russian educational standards and educational programs are continuing rapidly to advance. Their beauty salons need much new equipment and newer methods. I had my hair shampooed. There were men attendants who washed and set the hair. My hair was not set in pin-curls which would dry quickly, but rather rolled in aluminum curlers. The hot air dryer could not be turned down; thus in fifteen minutes I was almost baked. I fidgeted my way out, holding my head under

slightly for the next thirty minutes. When the attendant came and started to comb my hair, he scolded me in good Russian because the front of my hair was still damp. I couldn't tell him I would rather it were damp than to be totally roasted. At that I should not have complained, for my shampoo and set cost me just seventy-five cents. More than that, I was taken ahead of the Russian ladies because I was a hotel guest.

Religion may not be emphasized but morals and integrity are rigidly taught, and cleanliness is observed everywhere.

There is much more to tell and I hope sometime all of you can hear our story and see our unusual pictures.

BOOK CHATS

IT is not often we review a novel in these columns. On May 29 The Vanguard Press published *My Uncle and the Curé,* written by Jean de la Bréte and translated into English by N. St. Barbe Sladen. This delightful French classic was published under the title *Mon Oncle et Mon Curé* in 1889 and has had 167 printings since that time. When she became the author of this book Jean de la Bréte was still a young girl living in the provincial countryside of France. I did not recall having read that fact while I was reading the story, but I remember that I had the distinct feeling all through the book that it was so very real and alive, very possibly it was an account of an actual life.

If you are a sophisticate I am not certain that it would be worth your while to read this charming story. But if you are a bit fed up with sophistication, cocktail parties and the banalities of some of our modern city life and its "smart set," then give yourself the adventure of stepping into the fairyland of unspoiled youth and its adventure of an awakening to life and love.

Reine de Lavalle, the heroine of our story, is brought up mainly by a dear little old priest, though technically she is under the care of a very ugly widowed aunt who makes life one long misery for the spirited girl. She might as well have lived in a dungeon for all she knew or could discover of the outside world. Financial remuneration for the girl's care was the sole interest of the aunt, and the daily visits of the Curé were the only break in the monotonous existence at "The Thicket," which was the estate of the aunt—an uncared for, dilapidated, ugly house, in a dense undergrowth that was equally neglected.

Reine's tutor was the Curé, for whom she had a great affection, though she took delight in teasing him by arguing with him constantly about the historical characters in her studies.

Reine's expressions and her attitudes, as well as her childish pranks, have in them the spontaneous exuberance of youth, and of the French character as well. I was frequently reminded of an aunt of mine who seemed to have all of the French blood that was in our family background poured into her veins, and it was sometimes too much for one little body to manage; hence an occasional outburst which was not always confined to the bosom of the family. What was most difficult was that she seemed to expect all the rest of us somehow to calm the upset atmosphere, taking no

responsibility for doing so herself.

Reine discovers the novels of Sir Walter Scott in the library, which though kept under lock and key she managed to confiscate by breaking a window and crawling in head-first. Her first entrance into the library, which had been closed since the death of the master of the house, had been through the proper entrance. The Curé, however, on discovering her boldness had taken the key to the library. The Curé had a love for kings almost amounting to veneration, except in the case of Francis I, whom he disliked and constantly criticized. Reine immediately chose Francis I as her favorite and sought to find evidence in his favor. As she had nothing to back an argument except such phrases as were in her history book, she sought in the library to obtain the necessary information. Here she found biographies of the Kings of France up to Henry IV, and spent most of the night cramming her head with information to confound her beloved Curé. And now I quote from the book:

" 'What a fine man Francis I was!' I thought. 'But why does the author speak only of his love for women? Why did he not also write of his love of men? After all, each one to his taste! But if I judge women by my aunt, I think I should have a decided predilection for men.' Then I recalled the fact that the biography was written by one of the male sex and thought that he had doubtless considered it polite, agreeable and modest to pass over himself and his fellow-men in silence. I fell asleep with this enlightening idea."

The next day, during her history lesson, she poured out her fund of information on the life of Francis I, ending with "Confess, Monsieur le Curé, that he was an excellent man and that it would have been very pleasant to have been in Anne de Pisseleu's place."

" 'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed the Curé in a subdued voice. 'The child is mad!' 'What's the matter?' said my aunt, piercing her chignon with one of her knitting needles. 'Send her out of the room if she is impertinent.'

" 'My child,' continued the Curé, 'where did you learn what you have just said?' 'In a book,' I replied briefly, without mentioning the library.

" 'How can you repeat such abominable things?'

" 'Abominable things?' I exclaimed, horrified. 'Well, Monsieur le Curé, you think it is abominable that Francis I was generous and was fond of women? You don't like them then?' . . . 'You preach daily love of one's neighbor, and it seems to me that Francis I put your favorite theory into practice. Love your neighbor as yourself, for the love of God.' "

The priest's laugh was of such long duration that Reine became vexed and annoyed. And then it was that the priest confiscated the key to the library and Reine was forced to break the window and crawl in, in order to purloin the novels of Sir Walter Scott. She was now sixteen. This was the last time her aunt hit Reine. That was the day when Reine overheard a conversation between a servant and her aunt, which gave her an implement to use in times of dire need—a threat to write to her Uncle M. de Pavol, who would take her home to live with him. From that day on there was war between the Aunt and Reine. And it was not long after when the priest discovered Reine had gained entrance into the library and finally decided to give back the key and together they discussed the novels of Sir Walter Scott.

Suddenly one day into the life of this young girl appeared M. de

Conprat, seeking shelter in her aunt's home from a severe storm. From then on life was never the same for Reine. He did not return, as he had said he would, but shortly thereafter the aunt died and Rene was sent to her Uncle M. de Pavol, where the fairyland (to her) of the estate Le Pavol and the life there was paradise to her.

Great joy and its opposite, sadness, came to her here before her destiny was accomplished.

There are no adequate words to convey the delight of this book. Reine was not a hypocrite. She had not learned the dissembling of polite society and this lends a piquancy to the book. The story will bring back a reader's lost youth and the awakening of a soul and you will have the delight of knowing you can recommend this story to young and old alike, without an eyebrow being raised over a line of it. That alone makes it unusual in this day.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

PERHAPS I have told you that in the summer of 1957, while visiting with Clifford and Mrs. Lyon at Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin, I made my first attempt to paint with water color, and brought home four small paintings. This bold venture whetted my appetite for more, but as the winter season became a very busy one I did nothing more to satisfy my artistic spirit until this Spring, when Lucile Keve and I went once a week for a period of six weeks, to pursue this study with Mrs. Karl Buehr. Mrs. Buehr is the widow of Karl Buehr, a brother of our Mrs. Lou Hangel. She was widowed a few years ago and when the Senior Hobby Center was opened on North LaSalle Street, Mrs. Buehr contributed one of Karl Buehr's paintings to the Center. Not only that, but she, herself, went every day for five days of the week, giving of her talents and teaching there. Karl Buehr and his wife both taught at the Art Institute.

Mrs. Buehr now lives with her son who, like his father, is a very fine artist, and a teacher and lecturer. His wife is well known in the art world, as Margo Hoff. When Mrs. Buehr left for Vermont this Spring, Lucile and I decided that we would spend some time in an art colony at vacation time. We first attended the Carnegie International Convention at New York City. Then we flew home, unpacked and repacked our suitcases and left the next morning for the Oxbow Summer School of Painting at Saugatuck, Michigan. Here was a brand new experience for both of us. Oxbow has been in existence as a school of painting for 40 years. Seventy years ago the frame inn was a hotel for lumbermen. Situated a short ways out from Saugatuck, on an overflow lagoon from the Kalamazoo River, it is amazingly scenic for a spot so close to Chicago. Snuggled near the foot of Mount Baldy, with only the lagoon and a wooded sand dune between it and Lake Michigan, it is an

ideal spot for the purpose.

Imagine, if you can, one who had never done any sketching or painting, but who had always wished that she might have the time to try her hand at it, sitting in with students and artists who had been studying from four or five to twenty years, and finding herself talking with others who were established artists. You know the one about "fools walk in where angels fear to tread," and "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Several times when faced with a snow-white, unsullied canvas board (I did not attempt an actual canvas at first) I felt much as I did when I first dared to attempt to dive in the water. I drew in a deep breath and summoned all my courage—then looked around at some student's "abstract painting" — after which I stuck out my chin with grim determination and forged ahead. I became so completely absorbed in the task at hand that time stood still, and except for an eventual crick in my shoulder or neck and the ringing of a bell to remind us to get ready for lunch or dinner, I would still be sitting at the easel had my finances held out.

It is quite evident that for those who have the urge to try their hand at the art of painting, the age of retirement can be a glorious age, given sufficient funds to indulge in the art.

There were sometimes parties in the evening, or a lecture. There was a summer theatre near at hand. In fact the school invited the actors from the summer theatre for a Saturday night supper at the studio (an old converted barn) on the river bank. I have some lovely colored slides of the party.

Mia Buehr was a student at the school this summer. She is the daughter of Margo Hoff and George Buehr. While I was there her father spent a week-end at Oxbow and gave for the school his fascinating lecture with colored slides of his stay in the near East and Egypt.

One of the parties we had was a Christmas party in July. By this time Lucile had returned to Chicago and her sister Florence Keve, of Evansville, Indiana, head of the Art Department of Evansville College, Evansville, had joined me. Flo went to the party as a Christmas angel dressed in white, with wings and a halo; and I as a small Christmas tree. There were ghosts of Christmas past and of Christmas to come. A Santa Claus came in a boat across the water with Mrs. Santa Claus, and the boatman shot off sparklers to announce his arrival. We had a tree and inexpensive gifts for everyone. Mia Buehr had the very grandest costume of all, and past all describing. She appeared to have walked right out of an Oriental pageant from the streets of Tokio. There was dancing and much gaiety.

I worked fully as hard if not harder than any student there, no doubt because I felt that "time was marching on" for me, whereas the young students had all of life before them.

After four weeks at Oxbow, I came home with eight oil paintings (such as they are with my immaturity in the art and my great limitations) and three water colors. My first "portrait" was called naive and my first landscape primitive, but my last landscape was not called a primitive, and my second portrait, which was non-objective, was designated as a charming primitive. That was sufficient to encourage this embryo artist. Now all I need for an ecstatic state of mind is to have some rich relative establish a retiring fund for me, that I may cease all other labors and sit me down before an easel for the rest of my life. Probably in no time at all I shall be writing to Sir Winston Churchill to see if we may not

organize an amateur artist's international club!

I shall no doubt have to put all my dearly-bought artist's equipment on a shelf until next summer, because this particular hobby requires much time and much daylight. As my daylight is filled with earning a living and my evenings with carrying out the duties of various organizations to which I belong, I shall spend my winter looking ahead longingly to another summer.

Usually one thinks of a vacation as a time of resting and relaxation. I found that "living by the bell" can be a vacation also. A bell rang at 7:00 to rouse us from slumber; another rang at 7:30, to call us to breakfast. One rang at 9:00 to call us to class; another at 11:30 reminding us to prepare for lunch. A bell at 12:00 said "lunch is ready." At 1:00 a bell called us to afternoon class; at 5:00 a bell reminded us to prepare for dinner, and at 5:30 we were "rung to dinner." If there was a special affair in the evening, the bell rang again. Even after I came home, I seemed to hear a bell ring at 7:00 in the morning. But having a purpose can be fun, and I had fun at Oxbow.

Isobel MacKinnon taught Portrait Composition; Rufino Silva was the teacher in landscape composition, and just before I came home Leroy Neiman came to carry on in Mr. Silva's place. Yola Rigacci (Mr. Silva's interesting wife), was teacher of sculpture. William Brincka taught crafts design; and Philip Bornath taught Etching and Lithography.

We had several clothesline art shows in town. Flo and I took a couple of boat trips up and down the Kalamazoo on the "Island Queen," had a trip to Battle Creek to look over some furniture exhibits in which Florence Keve was interested, and drove to Kalamazoo and out to Pine Lake to visit Mildred Stavers and her mother, who for many years have had a two story summer home at Pine Lake and now own an apartment at St. Petersburg, Florida, where they live during the winter. They are long-time friends of my Aunt and myself and I was so happy to be able to get to see them this summer. Florida is a long way off and my vacation doesn't come in the winter time, so visiting them in Florida is only a remote possibility. Mildred retired a couple of years ago as head of the department of economics at Steinmetz High School and her mother was formerly an interior decorator. All in all I had a very interesting month of July.

* * *

Here is a note from Tribune Square with which our members will be in accord:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

Needless to say, I was just delighted with the prominence given your new television program on the front of the American's "TV Roundup" for the week April 6-12.

While I have been remiss in not writing to you previously, Dr. Bradley, I want you to know that I missed only one of your programs so far and that is because Dorothy and I were in Arizona at the time. I think the series is coming along very well and we are getting some excellent comments.

During the past eighteen months, we have made countless changes in this company, but I want you to know there is nothing of which I am more proud than the return of Dr. Preston Bradley to television.

Dorothy joins me in all good wishes and much appreciation for your dedicated work.

Sincerely,

Ward Quaal.

* * *

Here is a letter which was deeply

appreciated by Dr. Bradley as well as the Board of Trustees:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I want to send you this little note of thanks, though it is not nearly enough.

It will be two years in June since I became a member of the church. I would like you to know that my life has been enriched and strengthened and I am happier becauses of your inspiring and wonderful words.

I was given a fine religious home life, but I always felt I was not good enough to really accept God and the church the way I wanted to. You have shown me the way.

May you have continuing strength and blessings in your ministry.

Kathryn Linee.

* * *

My dear Dr. Bradley:

You know how I wish I could be present on this, your 46th Anniversary Sunday. You have climbed a very unique pinnacle from which to view the bewildering panorama of life. It is a rare privilege to work with you, and to observe from the inside, as it were, how people of all races, creeds, and no creed, are lifted to nobler levels of life by your words and spirit.

All over the country I try to tell the people about you, but I don't have a chance. They tell me!

I hope your many friends will pack the church tonight. They couldn't honor a more deserving man, nor spend a more profitable evening for themselves.

Your very good friend and associate,

Virgil Kraft.

The Reverend Kraft does actually go all over the country by air, and is his own pilot, and on the evening he mentions above he was on a speaking engagement. If memory serves us right, it was in Denver, Colorado.

* * *

Perhaps some of our readers will remember that a few busloads of students from the University of Minnesota stopped at our church en route across the country on a trip that had been accorded them. One day a letter came from one of these students, one who was from India, and it is self-explanatory:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This is that Indian Fellow among the students from Minnesota whom you addressed a few weeks ago. Do you remember, I took your picture in front of the church premises. Herewith I am sending a copy of your photograph and I hope you will kindly accept it. I hope everything is just fine with you and you are keeping well.

I was very much impressed by the broadness of your mind and your desires to be at one with all the peoples of the world of today. This is an extremely valuable quality, often rare in the average masses. I am mentioning about this simply because I have felt that way about you.

Best regards,

Lal M. Mukherjee,
Research Fellow.

School of Chemistry,
University of Minnesota,
Minneapolis 14, Minnesota.

* * *

Now we take our readers into the meeting of the Borrowed Time Club of Evanston, Illinois, where Dr. Bradley has been a yearly visitor for many years:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We want to thank you again for your coming to us yesterday. Every one of the hundred and fifteen members and guests present were so inspired.

We are so pleased that you are one of our honorary members and come to us each year for your annual address.

I assure you it is looked forward to from one year to the next.

Perhaps it would be of interest to you to know that yesterday was our nine hundred and first weekly meeting and that it is our twentieth year since we were organized. We have had seven hundred and thirty-five members.

Yesterday six of our members present were beyond ninety years of age and one of those present will be ninety-nine on June 8th.

May I again express our friendship and esteem for you.

Yours sincerely,
The Borrowed Time Club of Evanston,
W. Elmer White, President.

* * *

We now take from the Mail Bag a letter from the Sheriff's office of Cook County:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I would like to take this opportunity to express my sincere appreciation of your participation in the Adult Education Program at the Cook County Jail. I have received many complimentary comments about the program you presented there on Tuesday, April 1st, as part of this series, which was organized under our Educational, Recreational and Vocational Program.

Your schedule, I am well aware, is a very busy one. For your co-operation and generosity in taking the time to make the trip to the jail for this appearance, I am indeed grateful.

With best wishes, I am
Sincerely yours,
Joseph D. Lohman,
Sheriff of Cook County.

* * *

(We omit the name of the writer from the next letter for obvious reasons).

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I want to thank you for the excellent sermon you gave us yesterday over WBBM. I am glad there is one minister who has enough courage to admit that not all mothers are "perfect angels." I get so disgusted listening to the syrupy sermons some ministers give out every year on Mother's Day, as if they expect people to believe that just because a woman is a mother, that fact automatically makes her a saint. Nothing could be farther from the truth. There may be a few saints among them, but the vast majority are something far removed from sainthood, as thousands of people have occasion to find out every day in the year.

The most selfish people on the face of this earth are mothers. But they can get by with anything and still be considered noble and self-sacrificing.

I enjoy all your sermons so give us more, for many Sundays to come.

Very respectfully yours.

* * *

In late Spring a letter came from our dear friend, Gene Chloupek, of Winnetka. At the top he wrote "Of yesterdays Sunday: We saw some rainbow-tinted snowflakes twirling lazily to the earth."

Dear Wondrous Sky Pilot of the Lord:

How inspiring it was to hear you tell about the Good Things of Chicagoland the other evening. The City of Chicago should have a transcript made of this and shown all over America and in foreign lands too. It will give Chicagoans a chance to go around with chins up and spirits high.

Your Saturday evening talks are so far-reaching and carry such impact—that's why I am coming to you with a plea for the Handicapped. With a small circle of various kinds of capable Handicapped people sitting around you —oh, Dr. Bradley, what a great boost you could give to others like them in need of a job. The trouble is that so many concerns just won't "open the door" to these people.

Please don't wait until the so-called

"Handicapped Job Week" (I don't know when that is) for they are so greatly in need of jobs NOW—TODAY!!!

With kindest regards,

Gene.

* * *

We just took out of the Mail Bag a few letters which came regarding some of Dr. Bradley's radio broadcasts:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Congratulations!

May this significant milestone, rather than marking only the past—serve as the beginning of a future filled with many more years of inspirational service, renewed vigor, firm dedication and continuing good health!

Robert O. Miller,
Radio Station WAIT

* * *

Dr. Bradley received this interesting letter from Copenhagen, Denmark:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Two times I have read your book, "Happiness Through Creative Living," and it has made me happier. I am trying to live by it. I got your book from my son who lives near Chicago, in Morton Grove, where I visited him in 1954 and 1957.

I want to say "thank you very much" for that book. I wrote a few days ago to the newspaper here in Denmark, "Dagens Nyheder" and asked them to translate the book to Danish. I am not so good at the English myself, but I would like the Danes to know your book. We need that book. We need to think about life; the rush of modern life is so strong and occupies the people too much.

I do hope the book can come to us here. Please excuse my English. If you come to Morton Grove, 5810 Carol Ave., please greet my dear son. He is 34 and I love him and miss him so much.

Greetings,

Emmy Maritzen.

* * *

Dear Friend and Colleague:

Your eloquent words vibrate in our souls and their echoes have enlarged our horizon in the meaning of dedicated friendship. All through the years I have regarded your friendship and understanding as one of the great assets of my career. I felt the impact of your message and have endeavored to live up to your courageous beliefs.

Last week you have again given us another example of your graciousness. Our people still talk about your message. The preacher of stature always speaks to a congregation beyond the walls of his own church.

In behalf of the officers and members of Temple Mizpah accept our sincere thanks for your contribution to our memorable occasion.

Mrs. Singer joins me in extending to you and to your congregation our best wishes and thanks.

Fraternally yours,
Jacob Singer, Rabbi Emeritus
Temple Mizpah.

* * *

From the Women's City Club of Detroit:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Our Club was delighted with your lecture on Friday. It was a real treat to have you with us. Please accept the thanks of our entire membership, for you were an inspiration to them.

We hope you can come to speak to us again. If you are ever in Detroit, please know you are welcome at the City Club.

Sincerely,
Ethel Z. Holbrook, President.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday morning broadcast, "Words and Music," WBBM
Dr. Bradley and the Peoples Church Choir and Quartet ..... 7:30 a.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday, September to June. New members welcomed .... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday School. Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education:
During the summer children meet in the church sanctuary at 11 for a special picture showing, retiring at 11:30 before the sermon, to Anderson Hall for the remainder of the hour ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.

Dr. Bradley returns to the pulpit Sept. 21. Services will be broadcast direct from the church over Station WLS.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults) every Sunday, Anderson Hall ..... 5:00 p.m.

Sunday Evening Service (Re-opens November 2, 1958) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Reviews (the four Wednesdays in January, 1959) .... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: Opening Luncheon, Belmont Hotel, 3172 N. Sheridan Road, September 30th. Guest speaker, Dr. Bradley. Guest artists, Ruth Terry, William Browning and Myrna Lewis, in "Melodic Interlude" ..... 12:30 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club: Sponsoring opening family dinner for members and friends of the church, Friday evening, Oct. 10th, Anderson Hall. Make reservations with church office by Oct. 6. Guest speaker, Dr. Bradley. Guest artist, Ella Jenkins, Rhythms and the Bongo Drums ..... 6:30 p.m.

Men's Club: Opening meeting Tuesday, Sept. 30. Guest speaker, Dr. Bradley. Men only. Music by the Bennetts ..... 8:00 p.m.

Couples Club meets 1st Tuesday in Anderson Hall, Folk Dance ..... 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WBBM—"Words and Music"—Dr. Bradley and Peoples Church Choir ..... 7:30 a.m.

WLS—Morning Service direct from church ..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL—Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.

WSEL—FM—Rebroadcast of morning service ..... 9:00 p.m.

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